MARVEL

SPIDER-MAN®/DEADPOOL® #22

KALAN • NAUCK • ROSENBERG

ROBSON '17
Acrossley

I'VE GOT A MURDER TICKET! I'VE GOT A MURDER TICKET! I'M GONNA--
OH, IT'S JUST A SONG FROM MURDERWORLD.
WHAT ARE YOU SINGING? THAT SOUNDS SUPER CATCHY...AND ODDLY FAMILIAR.
I'M SORRY... MURDERWORLD? AS IN--A DEADLY THEME PARK DESIGNED BY ARCADE FOR HIM TO KILL PEOPLE IN? THAT MURDERWORLD?
THAT'S THE ONE! ARCADE'S BUILT A NEW LOCATION IN MADRIPOOR!
THAT SOUNDS HORRIFYING...AND RIGHT UP YOUR ALLEY.
I'D BEEN DYING TO VISIT, BUT HAVE BEEN PRETTY BUSY WITH MY OWN COMIC BOOK SERIES, ON TOP OF ALL THE TEAM-UP BOOKS I'VE BEEN STARRING IN. THANKFULLY, ARCADE CONKED YOU ON YOUR NOGGIN AND KIDNAPPED YA, SO I HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO GET INVOLVED AND SAVE YOUR SORRY SPIDER-HEINIE.
SO...WHAT?! WE'RE TRAPPED IN A KILLER THEME PARK?
LIGHTEN UP! IT'S NOT LIKE YOU'RE THERE ALONE! BEFORE I ARRIVED, ARCADE WAS NICE ENOUGH TO KIDNAP A FEW INNOCENT BYSTANDERS TO KEEP YOU COMPANY! NOW WE CAN ALL ENJOY THE GOOD, CLEAN MURDEROUS FUN MURDERWORLD IS KNOWN FOR.
IT SOUNDS LIKE A PLACE WHERE PEOPLE GO TO MURDER OTHER PEOPLE.
WHAT'D I TELL YA? GOOD, CLEAN, MURDEROUS FUN!
AGAIN, THAT SOUNDS ILLEGAL. IF YOU'RE ACTUALLY CONFESSING THAT YOU WANT TO GO TO A THEME PARK AND MURDER PEOPLE, I CAN'T LET--
OHHHHH I'VE GOT A MURDER TICKET! I'VE GOT A MURDER TICKET! I'M GONNA...
EMCZKIG! + JASON!

IT'S A MURDER, MURDER, MURDER, MURDER WORLD

ELLIOTT KALAN
WRITER

TODD NAUCK
ARTIST

RACHELLE ROSENBERG
COLOR ARTIST

VC's JOE SABINO
LETTERER

WILL ROBSON & FRANK D'ARMATA
COVER ARTISTS

ED McGUINNESS AND **JASON KEITH**
RECAP PAGE ART

ALLISON STOCK
ASSISTANT EDITOR

DEVIN LEWIS
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

NICK LOWE & JORDAN D. WHITE
EDITORS

AXEL ALONSO
EDITOR IN CHIEF

JOE QUESADA
CHIEF CREATIVE OFFICER

DAN BUCKLEY
PRESIDENT

ALAN FINE
EXECUTIVE PRODUCER

SPIDER-MAN CREATED BY
STAN LEE AND **STEVE DITKO**

DEADPOOL CREATED BY
ROB LIEFELD AND **FABIAN NICIEZA**

© 2017 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. WWW.MARVEL.COM

WELL, WELL, WELL, MISS LOCKE THE SECOND, SHALL WE REVIEW THE STATE OF PLAY?

DEADPOOL HAS ENTERED THE BOARD, AND SPIDER-MAN HAS REMOVED DOROTHY THE ROBOT GIRL FROM THE GAME.

METHINKS IT'S OUR MOVE NOW. BUT WHAT TO *DO?* WHAT TO DO?

SEE, DOLL, THERE'S NO MORE PROFOUND HUMAN INTERACTION THAN A ***GAME.***

EACH MOVE IS DICTATED BY THE PREVIOUS MOVES OF YOUR OPPONENT. YOUR TURN EXISTS ONLY IN CONCERT WITH THE TURNS OF ANOTHER.

IT'S LIKE DANCING OR MAKING LOVE, ONLY ***FUN.*** A COMMUNION OF ***SOULS.***

BUT I ***ALSO*** JUST WANT TO KILL THEM. TOUGH DECISION.

YOU COULD ALWAYS BREAK THE RULES AND JUST BLOW EVERYTHING UP.

NO! IF WE DON'T OBEY THE RULES, THEN IT STOPS BEING A GAME. IT'S JUST "*LIFE.*" UGH.

ON THE OTHER HAND, RULES ARE LIKE MEN:

MADE TO BE ***BROKEN.***

SO WE BE REVENGING, THEN? AWESOME!

YES, BUT WE ALSO HAVE TO TAKE CARE OF ***THESE JERKS.*** UNTIL MY WEB DISSOLVES, THEY'RE HELPLESS.

EH, I BET THESE GUYS ARE JUST POISON-BOTS, TOO. I'LL JUST PUT 'EM OUT OF THEIR ROBO-MISERY.

NOW CLOSE YOUR EYES AND THINK OF *WESTWORLD.*

WE'RE ***NOT ROBOTS,*** DUDE!

SOMEONE GET A ***GOOD GUY*** WITH A SWORD TO STOP THIS ***BAD GUY*** WITH A SWORD!

COME ON, WEBS! ROBOTS CAN'T FEEL PAIN.

PROBABLY.

NO, THEY'RE ***PEOPLE.*** TECHNICALLY, AT LEAST. THEY CHOKED ON THE POISON GAS, TOO.

YOU'RE SAYING ROBOTS CAN'T COUGH?! HELLO? GENERAL GRIEVOUS, ANYONE?

TECHNICALLY, GRIEVOUS WAS A ***CYBORG.*** NOT A ROBOT.

UH, GUYS... ON SECOND THOUGHT, CAN YOU CHOP MY HEAD OFF?

AS MUCH AS I HATE TO INTERRUPT THIS MEETING OF THE MINDS, PERHAPS YOU CAN GET BACK TO THE ***VERY LETHAL GAME*** *WE WERE PLAYING?*

WAIT YOUR TURN! THIS GUY THINKS THERE ARE ***CYBORGS*** IN *STAR WARS*, WHICH THERE ARE ***NOT!***

EXCEPT FOR LOBOT! AND DARTH VADER! OH RIGHT, AND LUKE.

(WOW, THERE'S A LOT OF CYBORGS IN *STAR WARS*!)

WHY ARE WE EVEN PLAYING THIS GAME, ARCADE? WHO HIRED YOU TO KILL US?

NOBODY HIRED ME. I JUST NEEDED SOME TEST DUMMIES TO TRY OUT ***MURDERWORLD MADRIPOOR!***

YOU ARE THOSE DUMMIES.

HOW ***DARE*** YOU, SIR?! I'M NO DUMMY! I'M DEADPOOL, EVERYONE'S FAVORITE MERC WITH A MOUTH!

I'M NOT THE MICHAEL BAY DVD YOU CHECK YOUR NEW SUBWOOFERS WITH, THEN THROW AWAY!

THIS IS MORE OUTRAGEOUS THAN THE IDEA THAT CORPORATIONS SHOULD MAKE LESS MONEY JUST TO PREVENT *"EXTINCTION EVENTS"*!

DOESN'T THIS JERK KNOW WHO WE ARE?

PROBABLY. I ASSUME THAT'S WHY HE WANTS TO ***KILL YOU.***

'CADEY PERRY DROPPED ME IN THROUGH A TRAP DOOR IN THE SKY. WE CAN CLIMB UP HIS TUBE RIGHT INTO HIS LAP. *UH*, THAT SOUNDED--

YEAH, YEAH, YEAH, INADVERTENT INNUENDO, ***HILARIOUS.***

I LOVE THE PLAN. JUST ONE PROBLEM...

THOSE GUYS!

ZEROS! MY FOURTH FAVORITE KIND OF MILITARY AIRCRAFT! COME ON, GUESS THE FIRST THREE.

BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA

GET DOWN, WADE!

AND MISS MY CHANCE TO BE SHOT BY THE PRIDE OF THE IMPERIAL JAPANESE NAVY?!

OW! WORTH IT!

DINGALINGALING! THAT'S THE BELL, FOLKS! CLASS IS IN SESSION AT MURDERWORLD UNIVERSITY!

TODAY WE'RE TAKING YOU THROUGH SOME OF THE RICH HISTORY OF MADRIPOOR, STARTING IN 1942 AND--

BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA

THE BATTLE OF MADRIPOOR! SEEKING TO CONTROL MADRIPOOR'S VALUABLE TRADE ROUTES, THE JAPANESE EMPIRE INVADED AND ULTIMATELY OCCUPIED THE CITY...

...THOUGH ONLY AFTER **RAZING** THE TALLER BUILDINGS TO THE **GROUND.**

SAY! YOU **GUYS** ARE ON A **TALL BUILDING** RIGHT NOW!

THEY'RE BOMBING US! NEVER THOUGHT I'D SAY THIS, BUT I WISH I *WASN'T* LEARNING RIGHT NOW!

GET THESE CIVILIANS OFF THIS ROOF, PRIVATE! I'LL COVER YOU! ALL I NEED IS ONE OF YOUR WEBBY-SHOOTY THINGIES.

LET ME GUESS, I'M NOT GETTING *THIS* WEB-SHOOTER BACK, EITHER. JUST LIKE THE *LAST* ONE I LOANED YOU.

YOU WANT A SAFETY DEPOSIT? I CAN'T EVEN GUARANTEE I'LL KEEP THE *HAND* IT'S ON!

OKAY, SO IT'S A SURPRISINGLY COMPLICATED PIECE OF EQUIPMENT THAT TAKES PRACTICE AND--

THWIP

NEAT! GOT IT ON MY FIRST TRY!

GUESS YOU FORGOT I'M KIND OF A WEAPONS *SAVANT!*

WEB-SHOOTERS ARE *NOT* WEAPONS!

WHATEVER HELPS YOU SLEEP AT NIGHT!

I'M SQUEEZED INTO A MINI-FIGHTER PLANE, BLEEDING OUT FROM MY WOUNDS AND ALMOST CERTAINLY HEADED FOR A FIERY CRASH.

IS IT MY FREAKIN' BIRTHDAY?!

DIRECT HIT! I SUNK YOUR BATTLEPLANE!

BUDDA

BUDDA

BUDDA

CAN'T BELIEVE YOU WEBBED US UP, BUT LET THAT *PSYCHO* HAVE A *FIGHTER PLANE.*

DON'T CRITICIZE THE GUY SAVING YOUR LIFE. ON THE OTHER HAND, THAT IS A FAIR POINT.

WE MADE IT! BACK TO WHERE WE STARTED. OY.

BRILLIANT PLAN, SPIDER-SNOWFLAKE.

COME ON! WE'VE SEEN EVERYTHING ARCADE CAN THROW AT US. RIGHT, SPIDER-SENSE?

NOW LET'S GO EVEN FURTHER BACK INTO MADRIPOORAN HISTORY.

DOUBLE OY.

CLUB

OR SHOULD I SAY PRE-HISTORY! GIVE IT UP FOR TYRANNOSAURUS MADRIPOOR!!

I THINK WE SHOULD RUN.

DANCE BAR

ROOOOARRR!

RUN!

WE CAN'T! SOME IDIOT WEBBED US UP!

AND *KABLOONIE!* NOW THE WHOLE ROBO-PLANE FAMILY'S REUNITED IN FIERY DESTRUCTION!

NEVER HAVE SO MANY OWED SO MUCH...TO SO DEADPOOL.

HUH. I DON'T REMEMBER SPIDER-MAN WEARING A *TYRANNOSAURUS* MOUTH.

EITHER I'VE GOT DINO-SPECIFIC AMNESIA, OR IT'S ***SPIDEY-SAVING TIME!***

BANZAAAA!!!!

KIDS, DO TRY THIS AT HOME!

GET EXTINCT, SHARPTOOTH!

REVENGE

YES! I'M FREE!

ULP. NO, I'M NOT.

YOU'RE MAKING THIS A HELL OF A GAME, YOU BEAUTIFUL FIENDS! I DON'T KNOW WHETHER TO HATE YOU OR THANK YOU, SO I GUESS I'LL JUST KILL YOU!

TIME FOR MY ACE IN THE HOLE!

NO! YOU'LL WRECK THE PARK!

HEY! NO KIBITZING!

NOW...LET'S GO BACK EVEN FURTHER, BEFORE THE SKYSCRAPERS, BEFORE THE ROCK ITSELF, WHEN THIS PLACE WE STAND WAS NOTHING BUT...

"...OCEAN!"

THIS IS ALL-NATURAL, NON-MANMADE...

OH, WHO AM I KIDDING?

STARTING TO WISH I HADN'T CRASHED THAT PLANE.

SPLASH

DOES ANYONE ELSE SUDDENLY HAVE TO PEE?

TRY TO STAY TOGETHER!

DO WE HAVE A CHOICE?!

SO YOU WOULDN'T LET US KILL *EACH OTHER*, BUT NOW WE'RE GONNA DIE *ANYWAY!* THANKS, LOSER!

NO! I CAN SAVE YOU! I *HAVE* TO!

HOLY MOLY! SPIDER-MAN'S LAST THOUGHT BEFORE HE DROWNS IS GOING TO BE THAT HE'S RESPONSIBLE FOR *THREE OTHER PEOPLE* DROWNING?!

MISS LOCKE, WE'RE GONNA HAVE A NEW CLIMAX FOR THE GREATEST HITS REEL!

HELLLLLPPPP!!!

AW MAN, I REALLY DON'T WANT TO RISK MY LIFE FOR THOSE GUYS. BUT I GOTTA LISTEN TO THE WRISTBAND.

WHAT WOULD SPIDEY DO?

WWSD

I GOTTA KEEP THIS THING! I'M A *NATURAL!*

THWIP

JUST WHAT WE NEED... MORE OF THAT *GOOP.*

KEEP TALKING, BUSTER. IF I DIDN'T HAVE AN ***INSPIRATIONAL WRISTBAND***, YOU'D BE ON A ONE-WAY RIDE TO THE MADRIPOOR SEWER SYSTEM!

EH, I WENT TO A PARTY IN THAT SEWER ONCE. IT WAS ALL RIGHT.

HOW... DO...ARCADE'S ROBOTS...SMELL... SO...BAD?!

KRAK

I'M FREE!

I JUST HOPE I'M NOT TOO LATE TO SAVE...

...*THESE* GUYS. DEADPOOL, I'M PROUD OF YOU FOR SAVING THEM. LESS SO FOR THE SELFIES.

IT'S COOL! I'LL MAKE SURE I GET ONE WITH YOU IN IT!

NO!

NO, NO, NO, NO! I THREW A FREAKIN' *TSUNAMI* AT THEM! THIS SHOULD BE *GAME OVER!*

IT'S NOT FAIR!

THE GAME ISN'T OVER YET, MR. 'CADE. THERE'S STILL *WEAPON A.*

OH, DON'T HUMOR ME. I'VE RUN ENOUGH MURDERWORLDS TO KNOW THAT THE *MINUTE* THE PLAYERS ESCAPE THE ARENA, THE ODDS TURN *COMPLETELY.*

WONDER IF I'VE GOT TIME TO CALL IN A BET AGAINST ME.

THERE'S STILL TIME TO ESCAPE.

NO, MISS LOCKE THE SECOND. THAT'D BE CHEATING. I CAN'T JUST PICK UP MY MURDERWORLD AND GO HOME! I STARTED THIS GAME.

NOW I HAVE TO SEE IT THROUGH.

SHALL I GO AND SET UP THE NEXT PARK?

OF COURSE. GO WITH DESIGN 1114. THE ONE WITH THE KILLER MUPPETS.

I WON'T LET *ANYONE* SAY ARCADE'S A *SORE LOSER.*

WE'LL BURST IN LIKE, "MURDERWORLD ME? NO, MY FRIEND, MURDERWORLD YOU!" THEN I'LL PUNCH HIM A LOT.

WOW. FINE LEATHER FURNISHINGS, A FULL BAR, AN ALMOST SUFFOCATING ATMOSPHERE OF GREED...FINALLY SOMEWHERE I FEEL COMFORTABLE!

LET'S LEAVE YOU JOKERS HERE WHILE WE GO FIGHTY-FIGHT. YOU CAN KICK BACK, HAVE A DRINK, MAYBE THE DRINK'LL BE POISONED...

SIGH

HURRY IT UP, WADE. WE'VE ONLY GOT ABOUT TEN MORE MINUTES BEFORE THIS WEB BUNDLE DISSOLVES.

YOU CAN'T DO THAT! WE NEED YOU TO PROTECT US!

WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO NEVER HELPING ANYONE AND NEVER NEEDING HELP?

WELL, OF COURSE WE DIDN'T NEED HELP WHEN WE THOUGHT WE WERE GOING TO WIN!

SPEAKING OF, EVER THOUGHT ABOUT MONETIZING THIS STUFF? COULD WORK GREAT FOR RESTRAINING PRISONERS ON DEATH ROW.

WADE, WE HAVE TO--

I KNOW, I KNOW, I KNOW. JUST PRETEND I ARGUED WITH YOU.

STUPID BRACELET.

KNOCK KNOCK! WHO'S THERE? A VIOLENT GUY WHO DOESN'T LET OTHER PEOPLE INTERRUPT HIS KNOCK KNOCK JOKES!

I SUPPOSE YOU THINK THIS IS GAME OVER. FOOLISH PLAYERS...

THE GAME IS *NEVER* OVER.

HERE'S A GAME: GUESS WHO'S OUT OF PATIENCE WITH YOUR GARBAGE? FIRST PRIZE IS YOU GET KNOCKED OUT.

YOU'VE GOT NO GAME! YOU'RE JUST SOME SHRIMPY RICHIE RICH IN AN EASY-TO-STAIN SUIT! AND TO THINK, I USED TO THINK YOU WERE *COOL*...

IT'S TRUE, I'VE NEVER BEEN MUCH OF A PHYSICAL MATCH FOR YOU SUPER-TYPES.

I ALWAYS GAVE MYSELF BONUS POINTS FOR TAKING YOU ON AS AN ORDINARY MAN.

BUT I'M *NOT* AN ORDINARY MAN. I'M A *GAMER.*

FOR YEARS, I'VE BEEN UPGRADING MY FACILITIES, MY ROBOTS, MY AMUSEMENTS. TOOK ME LONG ENOUGH TO TAKE THE NEXT STEP, BUT I GOT THERE IN THE END...

...AND UPDATED *MYSELF!*

IT'S HORRIBLE, YET I CAN'T LOOK AWAY...

EYES, I COMMAND YOU TO UNSEE THIS!

IS IT TOO LATE TO GO BACK TO THE ROOM WITH THE POISONED DRINKS?

GO AHEAD! MAKE YOUR JOKES! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE THE ONE NOBODY TAKES SERIOUSLY!

SLAM

THE GENIUS FORCED TO ACT LIKE A CARTOON SO HE CAN MAKE EVERYONE THINK HE'S IN ON THE JOKE, AND NOT JUST THE BUTT OF IT!

UH...YOU'RE FIGHTING THE UNIVERSE'S TWO BIGGEST COMPULSIVE JOKE MACHINES?

WE'VE LIVED THROUGH *EXACTLY* WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT, AND WE'RE *STILL HEROES!*

MOSTLY!

I GUESS WE FEEL EACH OTHER'S PAIN. THE GOOD NEWS IS THAT SOON, YOU WON'T BE FEELING MUCH OF *ANYTHING.*

WE'RE FINALLY FREE!

AND WE'RE THROWING OUR LOT IN WITH THE HEROES, EVEN THOUGH WE COULD *EASILY* TAKE THIS MOMENT TO RUN AWAY!

WAIT, WHY *AREN'T* WE RUNNING AWAY?

MURDERWORLD TAUGHT YOU TO *COOPERATE?!* THAT'S *SO* DISAPPOINTING!

GOT *ANOTHER* DISAPPOINTMENT FOR YOU.

SHOULD HAVE UPGRADED YOUR *FACE.*

BLAM

NO! NO KILLING!

OH, COME ON! *SERIOUSLY?!* THAT WAS THE *DEFINITION* OF SELF-DEFENSE!

DON'T MESS YOURSELF, SPIDER-MAN. HE WAS JUST ANOTHER ROBOT.

OH.

AND SPIDER-SENSE SAYS--

HEY! ALL THAT STUFF I SAID ABOUT MY FEELINGS AND BEING LAUGHED AT? I, *UH*... DEFINITELY DIDN'T MEAN IT.

SURE YOU DIDN'T.

I'M SURE THEY PLAY SOME *INTERESTING* GAMES IN MADRIPOORAN PRISON.

PRISON? IN *MADRIPOOR?!* THERE'S, LIKE, NO *LAWS* HERE! I ACTUALLY GOT TAX SUBSIDIES FOR OPENING MURDERWORLD HERE.

HEY! I GOT AN IDEA!

UH, WHAT'RE YOU GUYS DOING HERE?

HI-YA, MINI-CYCLOPS! WE GOT A PRESENT FOR YOU!

WE KNOW HE'S NOT A MUTANT, BUT EVEN THOUGH I FOUGHT HIM FIRST HE'S SOMEHOW BECOME PART OF THE WHOLE X-MEN DEAL.

WHICH MAKES HIM *YOUR* DEAL.

MMF.

I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHO THIS GUY IS. HE IS DEFINITELY *NOT* OUR DEAL.

WELL...HE *WILL* BE. 'CAUSE, YOU KNOW, TIME TRAVEL.

SEE YA!

YOU REALLY THINK WE SHOULD LEAVE A MURDEROUS MADMAN WITH A *TEENAGER?*

HE'LL BE FINE. BESIDES, I THINK MAGNETO'S KEEPING AN EYE ON THE KIDS.

NOT REALLY BUILDING MY CONFIDENCE...

YOU SAYING YOU WANT TO GO BACK AND GET HIM?

NO, I DO NOT.

HOW'M I GONNA EXPLAIN THIS TO THE OTHERS? ÷SIGH÷ ANOTHER REASON FOR EVERYBODY TO HATE ME.

CUT YOUR TRIP SHORT, *HUH?*

YEAH, BUT MYRTLE'S STAYING. RUNNING A TRIAD NOW.

WELL, THAT WAS HORRIBLE. BUT I'M PROUD OF YOU, DEADPOOL. YOU ALWAYS DID THE RIGHT THING, EVEN WHEN IT WAS HARD.

MADRIPOOR AIR

DUDES, MY EYES HAVE BEEN OPENED TO THE POWER OF WORKING TOGETHER. DR. CRIPPEN, YOU EVER CONSIDER BEING THE SPOKESMAN FOR DUBIOUS ENERGY PILLS?

TECHNICALLY, I'M A GEOPHYSICIST. BUT SURE!

AND WE CAN FUNNEL THE PROFITS INTO A POLITICAL ACTION GROUP FOR SHUTTING DOWN THE FDA!

STILL THINK WE DID THE RIGHT THING?

DON'T MAKE ME QUESTION MY FUNDAMENTAL VALUES.

COME ON... ISN'T THERE A TINY BIT OF YOU THAT WISHES THEY DIED IN THERE?

NO.

NOT EVEN A ***TEENY*** BIT?

NO.

JUST A ***SMIDGEN?***

NO.

NOT EVEN A TEENY-WEENY, EENSY-WEENSY ***IOTA*** OF WISHING THEY WEREN'T ALIVE ANYMORE?

WELL... ***NO.***

SOMETIMES I JUST DON'T GET YOU.

THE END.

YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT HAPPENS *NEXT?*

#23

ZONE